Vol. III. No. 2. Total 106.

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

PRINTED BY DAVID HOGAN, No. 51, SOUTH THIRD-STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE UNITED STATES' BANK.
Where Subscriptions, Advertisements and Literary Communications, will be Thankfully Received.

Saturday, *January* 8, 1803.

Edric of the Forest.

A ROMANCE.

(CONCLUDED.)

For Virtue can itself advance,
To what the fav'rite sons of Chance,
By Fortune seem'd design'd;
Virtue can gain the odds of Fate,
And from itself shake off the weight,
Upon th' unworthy mind.

FAIRY TALE.

THE deep and awful sound of the Castle bell, tolling the midnight hour, reverberated through every vaulted roof and dreary passage of the venerable building; yet the heart of Edric remained unappalled—all his present thoughts centering in his adverse fortunes: till at length, almost stupified by the impetuous working of his imagination, he fell into a perturbed slumber; his mind, harrassed by the preceding events, still conjured up disturbing images: he fancied he beheld his guardian falling beneath the sword of an assassin, and in a moment, by his superior agility, he rescued him.—Again, he believed himself in possession of vast domains; his Eleanor came to welcome him; his arms expanded to embrace her, and he felt he grasped a substantial being!—Awaking with a sudden start, he found himself encircled in the embrace of a figure, whose hideous form at first appalled his scattered senses. His blood chilled for an instant, but returning courage soon animated him, and seizing his dirk, would have plunged it into the heart of a stranger; who, perceiving his intention, hastily drew back, and displayed his bosom already weltering in gore. The unnerved arm of Edric dropped the weapon, which the other as hastily snatched from the ground, and, surveying it attentively, uttered a wild cry of surprise and horror, and fainted away. Edric did not call for assistance, lest there should be a party of ruffians concealed, whom his noise might alarm, but alone endeavoured all he could to bring the stranger to recollection, when with a look of despair, he exclaimed—"I am dying: let the Baron Waldeck be summoned, that I may, before my death, confess to him a piece of villainy, in which he is nearly concerned."

Losing all other apprehension of danger in his fear of the poor wretch dying without assistance, Edric laid him on the bed, and instantly sought the Baron, who, with two domestics, tremblingly repaired to the haunted chamber. They advanced to the bedside: the stranger raised his head, and with a dead sigh, gazed around him.

——"Orlando!" exclaimed the Baron, starting back with affright, "are you, then, my hidden foe?"

"I was," replied Orlando, in a mournful tone:—"but the hour of retribution is arrived. Listen—oh, listen, while I have yet strength to relate a tale of guilt!"

All were profoundly attentive: and he proceeded.

"Fifteen years of estrangement cannot have obliterated from your remembrance our former friendship. I had a sister, beautiful in form as odious in disposition: her passion for you was violent, and you disregarded her: you married one of inferior fortune, of superior endowments. I beheld her with eyes of desire, and the revengeful machinations of the slighted Miranda, taught my soul to glow with equal thirst of vengeance. The chaste Editha disdained my overtures, but her fear of giving grief to you restrained her accusation of your friend. Miranda, inspired with the hope that the hated bar to her happiness once removed, she should secure you, entered with avidity into the most diabolical plot ever formed in the mind of man; which was, the forcibly carrying away your wife, and the destruction of your infant! Fearing to trust another with our scheme, I undertook the infernal office—I plunged that dirk in the bosom of the helpless babe; but from an unseen hand received a pistol shot that levelled me to the earth."

Here the exclamation of Edric interrupted the narrator, who, baring his breast, displayed the scar; and, falling at the feet of the Baron, cried in an ecstacy of transport—"I am your son!"

New life seemed to rush through every vein of the Baron, as he strained him to his breast; but the Count Orlando waving his hand, again expressed his wish of proceeding—"Your wife was conveyed to a gloomy fortress, some miles distant, where I tried by every art I was master of to win her to my purpose, in vain. Miranda was equally unsuccessful in inspiring you with the sentiments she wished; when, in a paroxysm of rage, she raised the daggar against you, which you detected—she fled to me for refuge: but, alas! I shudder to repeat the horrid catastrophe! Unsatiated vengeance will find vent; and the injured, angelic Editha, fell a victim to the infernal passion of her own sex!—she perished by poison, which this guilty hand administered.—Into what a sea of blood was I plunged! Remorseless conscience still haunted me, and I turned my vengeance against her who had instigated me to perpetrate crimes, at the bare mention of which my soul once revolted. Again were my hands imbrued in blood!—I fled the fortress, as though I would fly from myself, and joined a party

murderers who forage the country. Knowing all the avenues to this Castle, I recommended them to a subterraneous pass adjoining it, as a place of safe concealment; but to ensure all in greater perfection, it was judged expedient, by odd sounds and dreadful noises, to intimidate the inhabitants of the Castle from occupying that part of it adjoining the passage leading to our cave. The report of its being haunted gained but too ready credebility among a set of ignorant, superstitious people; and the disappearance of your wife, murder of your child, and extraordinary conduct of Miranda, gave a horrid colouring to the suspicions excited against you. Little remains to be said—in consequence of some plunder, about which we disputed, a battle among our party ensued; and after a most horrid slaughter, part of the set fled, and I was left wounded as you see. A faint hope of yet making atonement for my transgressions inspired me, and I crawled hither; and oh, may my guilty career prove, that happiness is never to be obtained by treachery, or a vain attempt to counteract the intentions of our Supreme Guide. I die a repentant sinner; but I feel my crimes have been too great!"

Strong convulsions choaked his utterance, and, in spite all medical assistance, which was immediately procured, after suffering three hours of unspeakable torture, he expired.—As soon as they could with decency, after the interment of Orlando, which was done as secret as possible, the remains of the Baroness were brought from the fortress, and deposited in consecrated ground. This melancholy rite for a while revived the grief of Waldeck, but the pious and soothing consolations of his son taught him a proper estimation of the blessing he possessed, and he was soon restored to happiness.

Edric, now every obstacle was removed, likely to impede his union with Eleanor, entreated his father's permission to seek her, to try whether she still loved him: a trial he had too great consciousness of her virtue to fear would turn out to his advantage.—This obtained, he hastened to the Castle. The Count received him with open arms; told him that many noble, illustrious suitors had presented themselves to Eleanor, but, for Edric she had refused all. He led him to her. She received him with transports of chaste love; and when he unfolded to them the discovered mystery, the Count taking the hand of his neice, joined it with that of Edric; assuring them, that his happiness was complete, now that he could, with honour to himself confer it upon them. "But, my dear child," he added, turning to Edric, "let me suggest one idea to you:—the inglorious event of the service you were lately in, renders it highly necessary that you should again exert your arm against the rebels, nor secure your own private ease, when your country is in trouble. I would have my Edric shine no less in public than in private life."

"You have anticipated my wishes," cried Edric, glowing with heroic ardour, "I wished only to secure the prize, for the obtaining of which life was alone to me valuable. In the expectation of this sweet reward, my courage will be invincible: and as I expect my father hourly hither, an uninvited visitor, to see and confirm my choice, I wait only his consent to fly to the performance of my duty."

Sentiments so congenial to his own, filled the Count with unconcealed admiration, which the approving presence of Waldeck confirmed. He beheld the lovely, blushing Lady Eleanor, with the partiality of a father, and longed ardently for the hour she would be secured to his Edric; on whom he bestowed, at his departure, his fondest blessing.

No more an obscure wanderer, did the now happy son of the Baron seek to rush into the arms of death, under the banners of the Duke of Cumberland. He raised his name in the annals of fame, and the country rung with just praises of the youthful warrior. On the happy termination of the rebellion he was presented to royalty; from whose hands, in token of gratitude for his signal services, he received the honour of knighthood, and returned a happy victor to his Eleanor's arms. Their union was now no longer deferred; the humblest peasantry for miles round partook of the general festivity; and the wonderful history of Sir Edric became the chaunt of the village mothers to their infant sons; shewing them, how courage, fortitude, and virtue, were rewarded! Age, instead of destroying, added lustre so the beauty of the fond couple. Calm serenity and virtuous innocence sat on their brow; and when the evening of life closed in upon them, they sunk as into the slumbers of a peaceful sleep, till their spotless souls waked into a happy futurity.

NOTE,

TO THE READERS OF THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THE language used by Betsey Prim disgraces her sex. I shall not continue the dispute, but I will refer the readers of the Repository to Murray's Grammar, for a confirmation of the truth of what I have asserted;* at the same time, it cannot escape observation, that in the space of a few weeks, from being an ignorant and simple girl, Betsey has become learned and wise! acquainted with grammar and logic!!!—Can it be be believed? She advises her opponent to read good authors, and at the same time, shews that she never read them, or, if she did, has forgotten what they contained.

I shall not say any thing about "her lively description," "figuring on the form of a shoe," or "carrying controversies," but will leave such things for the diversion of some critic. I sincerely believe, that Miss Prim has never studied Murray's Grammar, for, if she had, it is more than possible, that she would have quoted what that celebrated grammarian says, with respect to corresponding conjunctions, page 188.

A——— V———.

* For the word "though," see pages 83, 168, 183, 187.—For "pursue virtue," see page 181.

A STONE CUTTER's LETTER,

TO THE YOUNG WIDOW OF A KNIGHT, LATELY DECEASED.

DIVINE FLINT,

WERE you not harder than *agate*, the *chisel* of my love, drove by the *mallet* of my fidelity, would have some impression on your heart. I that have shaped, as I pleased, the most untoward substances, hoped by the *compass* of reason, the *plummet* of discretion, the *saw* of constancy, the soft *file* of kindness, and the *polish* of good words, to have modelled you into one of the prettiest models in the world: but, alas! I find you are a very *flint*, that shoots fire and sets us in a blaze, though you are as cold as the marble in my shop. Alas! must I that have made so many hard matters yield, now see the *edge* of my endeavours turned and blunted. Why should you despise my profession? Pray, were not Praxyteles and Phydias statuaries, and consequently *stone cutters* as well as I? and yet their names have out-lived by two or three thousand years, most of those whose statutes they have made, and will be famous hereafter, when a thousand little *dub'd mortals'* memories will wear out sooner than the cloaths that mourn their deaths, and be utterly lost, to all that never go to church to read their epitaphs. Methinks then, we, to whom they owe the eternity of their names, should be reckoned the nobler of the two: and indeed, what can be greater, than out

of stock and stone, to make princes, kings, saints, and I may add, even gods themselves. But what need have we to stand upon extraction? am I not a man six foot high? well made and young? are not you a lady, a widow, and at your own disposal? and did not the noble lady, your cousin Loveit, marry her groom? and Lady Longforit, her coachman? and my pretty Lady Hasty her postilion? another fancied her butler; and another her footman. Again, as for our sex, how many dignified sparks owe their wives to the dairy, the laundry, or the kitchen? and how many are still proffering honourable love to their cook-maids? Recal then, my banishment, noble widow, or I shall finish my days with my own *compass;* but first I will erect my own monument, and inscribe it with this epitaph:—

Under this stone lies the Cutter,
Who long purr'd like a cat in a gutter,
For a widow worse than tartar,
And at last is dead—her martyr.

If my poetry is not so good as it ought to be, you must attribute it to my passion, for I know not what I either say or do. If I go to make a *dragon*, I strike out a *Cupid*. Instead of a *church font* for baptism, I make an apothecary's *mortar*. A death's head for a Venus, &c. &c.

Dear, dear *pillar* of my hopes, *pedestal* of my comfort, and *cornice* of my joy, upon your pity I build all the happiness of my *tabernacle*. I am ready to erect *statutes* to your generosity, *monuments*, *obelisks*, and *pyramids* to your glory. Let it not be said then, that your cruelty hath cut off

THE STONE CUTTER.

EPITAPH ON AN INDIAN CHIEF,

Who expired at Pittsburg, December 20th, 1802, on his way to the seat of government, charged with an Important Mission to the President of the United States.

HERE the poor Chief, of sage experience lies,
Far from his country, and his wigwam dies;
Yet infidels (for such are many whites,)
Respect his virtues, and his nation's *rites*,
Entomb him near Ohio's rapid wave,
Where strangers pensive, sorrow o'er his grave.
His gun and hatchet, clad in sables deep,
His bow and arrows—all beside him sleep;
His beads and wampum—all his little store,
Repose oblivious on the murm'ring shore!
Thus in the warrior's urn, arm well drest,
Of venison, tinder-box, and steel possest,
He climbs on eagle-wings the ærial space,
Assumes new vigor, and a swifter *chase!*

GOOD EXAMPLE.

Bishop Hall, who was as humble and courteous as he was learned and devout, was accustomed to say, "That he would suffer a thousand wrongs rather than be guilty of doing one, and endure many rather than return one, or endeavour to right himself by contending; for he had always observed, that to contend with one's superior is foolish, with one's equal is dubious, and with one's inferior mean and sordid. Suits in law may be sometimes necessary; but he had need be more than man who can manage them with justice and innocence."

ANECDOTE.

(From Leland's history of Ireland.)

IN the year 1487, a dreadful war was carried on in Ulster, between the chieftain O'Neal, and the neighbouring chieftain Tyrconnel. This war had nothing more considerable for its immediate cause, than the pride of O'Neal, who demanded that his enemy should recognize his authority, by paying tribute. The laconic style with which the demand was made and directed, would deserve to be admired in a nobler contest—"*Send me tribute or else*—" was the message of O'Neal. The answer was expressed with the same princely brevity—"*I owe you none, and if*—."

HUMOUR.

IN the *Otsego Herald*, a physician calls on his debtors for payment in the following humorous manner:

Says Doctor Gott, "I'll tell you what,"
I'm call'd on hot, To pay my shot,
And may I rot, If I do not:
But I cannot, Unless 'tis got,
For jog and trot, From spot to spot;
So ev'ry jot, That's due to Gott,
For Pill or Bot tle, Slave or Cot,
All round the Ot segonian Plot;
Whether begot of Teague or Scot,
Or from the mot ley race of Lot,
Sober or Sot, Yankey or not;
Must soon be shot into my pot;
Or else I wot, They'll smell it hot,
Or they may blot, NATHANIEL GOTT.

A young woman went lately to lady of quality in England, to offer herself for the place of her ladyship's own maid, and wished of course to obtain credit for all the qualifications which she conceived the place required. "You can dress me I suppose?" said her ladyship—"O yes, please your ladyship," answered the girl, "very expeditiously, in *half an hour*." "Half an hour, child!" cried her ladyship in a fright, "and what am I to do with myself *all the rest of the morning?*"

Cheltenham, Eng. Sept. 20.

SLIGHT OF HAND TRICKS.

WE have been all in an uproar here lately, at the trick upon trick, and slight of hand of Prince ——, a very dark athletic personage, who stalking up to a whist-table, where a party had just concluded a rubber, put his fingers, as if in act of snuffing one of the candles, and then laying them on the edge of the table, the counters, as if by magic, ran into his hands. The news of this wonderful event spread like wild-fire, and the ball-room was presently emptied to behold this modern magician—who, by way of climax, borrowed a left hand glove of a lady, and putting it upon the table, retreated some distance, and ordered the wedding finger to erect itself, which proved obedient to its potent master, and the glove itself moved into his hand. The Prince then turning to some pretty women, said, that if they would allow him only to put a grain of his infallible powder on their shoulders, they would be forced to follow him wherever he went. The ladies replied only with a shriek, and danced out of the room to a much quicker step than they ever entered it.

SOME years ago a person requested permission of the Bishop of Salisbury to fly from the top of the spire of that cathedral. The good bishop, with an anxious concern for the man's spiritual as well as temporal safety, told him, he was very welcome to fly *to* the church, but he would encourage no man to *fly from it*.

Marshal Turenne being at Paris, was one morning leaning from an upper window, and looking down the street very earnestly at some distant object. He had on only his drawers, white flannel waistcoat, and a night cap—one of the servants coming into the room, and taking him for the valet-de chambre, named George, went slily up, and fetched the Marshal a violent stroke on the back with the flat of his hand. Turenne started back in a moment, and rubbing the place, which smarted not a little, looked the fellow full in the front, who immediately fell on his knees, begged pardon, saying, "Oh, Sir, I thought it was George." "Well, (said the Marshall, with all the good-natnre in the world) if it had been George, you need not to have struck so hard."

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

According to the request of "Eliza," *I send you the following communication, which, if you think proper, you may give a place in your Repository for her gratification.*

TO keep a secret is one of the first and most necessary qualities of a friend. Johnson lays it down as a rule, that the best way to obtain this quality, and to preserve it in its purity, is to never put yourself in a situation of knowing secrets, and never to wish to know them. A very good rule indeed, one which, if followed, and strictly adhered to, secrets would seldom be revealed.

Many men have employed their pens, and exhausted their ingenuity on this subject. Some have attributed this weakness to one cause, whilst others have deduced it from another; some have confined it to the one sex, whilst others have maintained that it equally extended to both. To be candid, and such I may be through the medium of the Repository, I believe that it is a weakness that more generally affects the female sex than the male. It is certain, that those persons who talk least, must tell least, and visa versa. Though a man of sound information may convey more ideas in three words, than a fool in five hundred, yet that person whose tongue is eternally going, will tell more things, but convey less matter. It is universally admitted, that women have a greater propensity to talk than men, and actually do talk more; and it is equally known that men have more subject matter on which to talk. Now women having less to converse about than men, and as the former talk more than the latter, it will reasonably and almost necessarily follow, that secrets will be more frequently preyed upon, to supply the vacuum, by the female sex than by the male.

Nor is this the only cause of this diversity in the sexes. Curiosity is ever an enemy to secrets. A wheedling and seductive curiosity, will either by force or stratagem break down or surmount the barrier of reason, and tear away the secrets of the heart. Now curiosity is a passion, that is greater in the weaker than in the stronger sex. When two or more of these people of curiosity are collected in a room, the anxiety of the one to hear the secrets of her companions, induces her immediately to make them her confidants, by telling them her secrets, in order that she in turn may know theirs. All this however is done with the greatest caution, and these secrets are "not to be told for the world." Neither are, they till they meet with others.—Thus a mutual exchange takes place: thus the poor secrets fall a prey to the reciprocal gratification of a temporary curiosity.

Another reason why this disease of telling secrets affects women more than men, is, they are fonder of wondering, and making others wonder. The disclosure of secrets having this effect, we need not be surprised when we are told, that they are often had recourse to for this purpose. No sooner are a number met than one asks,—"what have you to tell me,—any thing strange?" One answers, "I heard something which I never expected." All begin to wonder: "Oh Lord, it was told me as a secret, and I can't tell it for the whole world, but it exceeds any thing I ever heard!" Others reply, "Oh tell it, tell it, we will never tell it again, what need you be afraid of." Curiosity is by this time excited on the one part, and a desire to make them wonder is created on the other, and the poor secret is exposed to their mercy, upon the condition that it will never be told again.

It is true we have heard of the wife of a Brutus, and a few other matrons that have shewn to the world that there are exceptions to the general principle. But they are solitary ones indeed, and no proof that women can keep secrets equally well with men. Let it be remembered, that secrets in the hearts of women are short lived, tho' exceptions may exist in every age and in every country.

POPLICOLA.

VISION OF MATRIMONY.

(CONTINUED.)

BUT how shall I express the amazement with which I was struck at the surprising change!—All the beauties with which I had been delighted in the first valley, appeared to me now as so many pieces of deformity, or empty baubles. Every species of fruit-trees which in the first put forth only leaves and blossoms, in this bended their boughs under copious loads of the richest and ripest fruits, with a variety of others which I had never before seen, and various delights of which I had previously formed no idea. The wine-press overflowed with purple-juice, and cheered the hearts of the joyous inhabitants: abundant crops of waving corn bowed their golden heads, and invited the sickle of the jolly reaper—here we met thousands of those happy mortals, whose hearts were united in conjugal tenderness and unbounded love, enjoying all the sweets of this delightful place—love sparkled in every eye, and joy unbounded, displayed itself in every countenance:—the daisies sprang up under their feet—roses, pinks and lilies adorned the walks on every side, and scented the fanning gale with their odours:—the sportive lambs played around them, and every tame animal testified its joy by various playful friskings—the fishes of the river leapt above its surface to see their felicity—the skylark hovered over their heads, and chirped forth her cheerful notes, whilst thousands of humbler songsters placed themselves on the highest pinnacles of the trees, and saluted them with all their various tuneful strains.

I was mightily delighted with this interesting scene, and could not restrain my curiosity from asking my generous instructor, how it happened that so many of my neighbours and acquaintance, whose good sense and virtues qualified them to adorn the married state, were not permitted to enter this happy place, whilst many who were scarce qualified to hold a rank in civilized society, were admitted into all its joys? And why he who presided over these affairs, suffered so many to join in the sacred bands of wedlock, whose age, temper, dispositions and manner of life, were so different, as seemed to forbid their union? To which he answered as follows:

"As long," said he, "as the inhabitants of this isle lived according to the rules of rectitude and right reason, and followed my direction, I suffered none to err in their choice, nor pass the prime of life in celibacy. But mankind growing wise in their own conceit, despised my council, and rejected my instructions, chusing rather to gratify their own irregular passions, their avarice, their pride, their idleness and vanity. I gave them up to their own capricious choice, and am now little more than an idle spectator: albeit, whosoever asks my advice receives it, and if he attends thereto he is happy. But that you may more fully understand these matters, let us return to the valley of youth, where you will see it fully exemplified." Saying this, he took me by the hand, and conducted me back to the first valley:—after walking a considerable way through a winding path, lined on each border with rows of laurel and jessamine, on a sudden the thicket opened, and I found myself on the boundary of a beautiful and extensive plain; but of its beauties I took little notice, being wholly engaged in viewing its inhabitants;

—instead of lowing herds, and bleating flocks, it was altogether peopled with females, employed in the various exercises of spinning, knitting, sewing and embroidery; some were knotting of ribbands, and adjusting head-dresses; others seemed altogether taken up with their own dear persons, dressing at the toilet, and adorning themselves with cosmetics, powder and perfumes; some made an ostentatious display of all their charms; whilst others modestly concealed them, esteeming the approbation of their own hearts more than the applause of the giddy multitude.

"These," said my instructor, "are all the virgins, and single women of all descriptions that inhabit this isle, ready to receive the addresses of their lovers, and enter into that blissful state which you so lately beheld.—And here let me observe to you, that a goodly person, and a fine face, are often of more importance to the possessor, with respect to matching, than the more intrinsic qualities of the mind—the ornaments of *a meek and quiet spirit*. Let us sit down here, and you will see how they proceed—how they conduct themselves, and how judiciously, or injudiciously, they make their choices."

Having seated ourselves on an eminence, where we had a view of the whole assembly;—the first man we saw make his appearance, was old *Caper Quick*; I had seen him a few weeks ago with a staff in one hand, and a crutch under the other arm; but his wife dying *ten days ago*, he had thrown by his wooden supporters, and had come hither to choose one of flesh and blood;—I was astonished to see him carry off a lively youth of not more than seventeen. "Be not surprised at this," said the angel, "this girl having been of mean extraction, idly brought up, and without a single good quality to recommend her, has thrown herself into the arms of this superannuated piece of clay, with a view of obtaining a good living, and a small jointure, which she thinks will get her a husband when he is gone.——But time will discover."

The next that entered the plain, was *Jack Tulip*, who drew the eyes of a considerable part of the assembly upon him, being very comely: he addressed several females, who all smiled upon him with approbation; he at last confirmed his choice, by leading away a blooming young creature, whom I had long been admiring for her modesty and sobriety.—Surely, said I, this is a foundation for much happiness:—"Ah! my friend," said the angel, heaving a sigh, "thou seest only the outside of things;—never were there joined two of more different dispositions; she has manifested in all her actions, save the present, a fund of sense, virtue and penetration:—in this, her passion has overcome her reasons—she has chosen, for his external appearance, a proud fop, whose head is as light as a cork, and as empty as an air-balloon.

The third that entered, was *Johnny Fickle*, he came up with a hasty step, and an amorous air—he seemed quite impatient to enter into matrimonial felicity: I heard him breathe forth his flame to several females with much warmth and energy; but as soon as any of them offered him her hand, his heart failed,—he immediately withdrew, and applied with redoubled exertion, to some other. He proceeded in this manner, till age had worn the furrows deep in his forehead, and tinged his locks with strokes of silver; when being hissed at by the whole assembly for his inconstancy, I saw him leave the plain in a rage, and railing at the whole fraternity.

The fourth that entered, was *Edward Œconomy*, he made his first address to a slender youth, who was dressing at the toilet, and who appeared, by the richness of her dress, to belong to some illustrious family; but finding it to be altogether outward adorning, and that the qualities of her mind bore no proportion to the decking of her person, he withdrew, and poured forth his enamoured thoughts to a modest youth who was employed in embroidery, with so much success, that she gave him her hand, and retired with him to the vale of bliss.—"Behold!" said the angel, "never did a happier pair grace the married state; this youth has, by his good management; made himself the early master of a fortune; and what is much more valuable, he is master of himself; has good judgment, and a liberal education; knows his duty, and performs it:—as to this female, of whom he has made choice, she is the daughter of Sir Robert Prudence, one of the most worthy families, but I value her not for her descent, but because her behaviour merits such ancestors."

(To be Continued.)

REFLECTIONS.

Factions among great men, are like foxes; when their heads are divided, they carry fire in their tails; and all the country goes to wreck for it.

Changing opinion is the graceful act of judgment when it leads to a better: if it involves the interest of persons in its consequence, the fault attaches not to the agent, who only leaves what is indifferent for what is better.

Wolkmar and his Dog.

The place I know not where I chanc'd to rove;
It was a wood so wild, it wounds me sore
But to remember with what ills I strove:
Such still my dread, that death is little more.
But I will tell the good which there I found;
High things 'twas there my fortune to explore.

HAYLEY.

IT was evening when Wolkmar and his dog, almost spent with fatigue, descended one of the mountains in Switzerland: the sun was dilated in the horizon, and threw a teint of rich crimson over the waters of a neighbouring lake; on each side rocks of varied forms, their green heads glowing in the beam, were swarded with shrubs that hung feathering from their summits, and at intervals was heard the rushing of a troubled stream.

Amid this scenery our traveller, far from any habitation, wearied, and uncertain of the road, sought for some excavation in the rock wherein he might repose himself; and having, at length, discovered such a situation, fell fast asleep upon some withered leaves. His dog sat watching at his feet; a small bundle of linen and a staff were placed by him, and the red rays of the declining sun, having pierced through the shrubs that concealed the retreat, gleamed on the languid features of his beloved master.

And long be thy rest, oh, Wolkmar! May sleep sit pleasant on thy soul! Unhappy man!——war hath estranged thee from thy native village; war, unnatural war, snatched thee from thy Fanny and her infant! Where art thou, best of wives! Thy Wolkmar lives! 'Twas error spread his death. Thou fledd'st: thy beauty caught the eye of power: thou fledd'st with thy infant and thy aged father. Unhappy woman!—thy husband seeketh thee over the wilds of Switzerland! Long be thy rest, oh, Wolkmar! May sleep sit pleasant on thy soul!

Yet, not long did Wolkmar rest: starting, he beheld the dog, who, seizing his coat, had shook it with violence; and having thoroughly awakened him, whining licked his face, and sprang through the thicket. Wolkmar, eagerly following, discerned at some distance a man gently walking down the declivity of the opposite hill, and his own dog running with full speed towards him.

The sun yet threw athwart the vale rays of a blood-red hue, the sky was overcast, and a few big round drops rustled through the drooping leaves. Wolkmar sat him down, the dog now fawned upon the man,

then, bounding, ran before him. The curiosity of Wolkmar was roused; he rose to meet the stranger, who, as he drew nearer, appeared old, very old, his steps scarcely supported with a staff; a blue mantle was wrapped around him, and his hair, white as snow, and waving to the breeze of the hill, received from beneath a dark cloud the last deep crimson of the setting sun.

The dog now ran wagging his tail, first to his master, and then to the stranger, leaping upon each with marks of the utmost rapture, till too rudely expressing his joy the old man tottering, fell at the foot of a blasted beech that stood at the bottom of the hill. Wolkmar hastened to his relief, and had just reached the spot, when starting back he exclaimed—"My father! oh, my father!"

Gothre, for so the old man was called, saw and knew his son: a smile of ectasy lighted up his features, a hectic flushed his cheeks, his eyes beamed transport through the waters that suffused them, and, stretching his arm, he faintly uttered—"My beloved son!" Nature could do more: the bloom upon his withered cheek fled fast away; the dewy lustre of his eyes grew dim; the throbbing of his heart oppressed him; and, straining Wolkmar with convulsive energy, the last long breath of aged Gothre fled cold across the cheek of his son.

The night grew dark and unlovely, the moon struggled to appear, and by fits her pale light streamed across the lake; a silence deep and terrible prevailed, unbroken but by a shrill shriek, that at intervals died along the valley. Wolkmar lay entranced upon the dead body of his father; the dog stood motionless by his side; but at last, alarmed, he licked their faces, and pulled his master by the coat; till, having in vain endeavoured to awaken them, he ran howling dreadfully along the valley: the demon of the night trembled on his hill of storms, and the rocks returned a deepening echo.

Wolkmar at last awoke; a cold sweat trinkled over his forehead, every muscle shook with horror, and, kneeling by the body of Gothre, he wept aloud.

——"Where is my Fanny!" he exclaimed; "Where shall I find her?——Oh! that thou hadst told me she yet lived, good old man! If alive, she must be near.—The night is dark: these mountains are unknown to me."

As he spoke, the illumined edge of a cloud shone on the face Gothre; a smile dwelt upon his features.

——Smilest thou my father! said Wolkmar, I feel it at my heart——All shall yet be well.

The night grew dark, and Wolkmar retiring a few paces from his father, threw himself on the ground.

He had not continued many minutes in this situation before the distant sound of voices struck his ear. They seemed to issue from different parts of the valley, and two or three evidently approached the spot where Gothre lay. The name of Gothre was at length loudly repeated; and—— "Gothre!—Gothre!" mournfully ran from rock to rock. Wolkmar, starting from the ground, sighed with anxiety and apprehension: leaning forward, he listened with fearful attention, but the beating of his heart appalled him. The dog, who, at first alarmed, had crept to his master's feet, began now to bark with vehemence. Suddenly the voices ceased, and Wolkmar thought he heard the soft and quick tread of people fast approaching. At this moment the moon burst from behind a dark cloud, and shone full on the dead body of Gothre. A shrill shriek pierced the air, and a young woman, rushing forward, fell on the body of Gothre.

——"Oh! my Billy," she exclaimed to a little boy, who ran up to her out of breath, "see your beloved Gothre!—he is gone for ever!—gone to heaven, and left us!—Oh, my poor child!" clasping the boy, who cried most bitterly, "what shall we do without him—what will become of us?——We will die, also, my Billy! Gothre is gone to your own dear father; and they are both happy yonder, my Billy!" pointing to the moon.

Wolkmar, in the mean time, stood enveloped with shade, his arms stretched out motionless, and fixed in silent astonishment; his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he faintly and with difficulty uttered——

"My Fanny!——my child!"

His accents reached her ear: she sprang wildly from the ground——

"It is my Wolkmar's spirit!" she exclaimed. The sky instantly cleared all around, and Wolkmar burst upon her sight. They rushed together; she fainted.

——"God of mercies!" cried Wolkmar, "if thou wilt not drive me mad, restore her to life.——She breathes—I thank thee, oh, my God—she breathes!——the wife of Wolkmar lives!"

Fanny, recovering, felt the warm embrace of her beloved husband.

—"Dear, dear Wolkmar!" she faintly whispered—"thy Fanny—I cannot speak: —my Wolkmar, I am too happy! See our Billy!"

The boy had crept close to his father, and was clasping him round the knees. The tide of affection rushed impetuously through the bosom of Wolkmar:——"It presses on my heart," said he, "I cannot bear it!"

The domestics whom Fanny had brought with her crowded round.——"Let us kneel," said Wolkmar, "round the body of aged Gothre. They knelt around; the moon shone sweetly on the earth; and the spirit of Gothre passed by; he saw his children and was happy.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

CURE FOR A CONSUMPTION.

TAKE of Cumfrey root, Sarsaparilla, Allecampane, and Spikenard, each, one ounce and a half; and of Horehound and Wild Cherry-tree bark, each, three handfuls.—Boil them together in five pints of water, until reduced to one quart; which strain through a linen cloth—Then add to it two pounds of molasses sugar, and the juice of two lemons.

For a grown person, one table-spoonful, four times a-day.

☞ The person who communicates the above, does it from a conviction of the extraordinary efficacy of the Specific, if taken in an early stage of the disease: both in Wilmington and this city are living instances of that efficacy, after every other recipe had failed.

PHILADELPHIA,

JANUARY 8, 1803.

Bordentown, (N. J.) Dec. 29, 1802.

MR. HOGAN,

SIR,

IN page 407 of your useful Repository, I observe a paragraph from the *Boston Weekly Magazine*, stating, that "a Mr. Woodward, an American Philosopher, has lately proposed a *Theory of the Sun*," in which he affirms that luminary to be a sphere of electric fluid." This hypothesis, Sir, is by no means new.—Mr. *C. W. Peale*, in his Lectures on Natural History, delivered in Philadelphia in the year 1800, proposed a theory of the Universe, founded on this hypothesis, communicated to him by his son *Raphaele*, who had a long time before arranged his ideas on the subject; and on this principle clearly accounted for the great age of the antedeluvians, the deluge, and various other phenomena recorded in sacred writ, irreconcileable with the Newtonian System. H.

Dreadful Fire!

A tremendous Fire has spread devastation through the town of *Portsmouth*, in New-Hampshire. It broke out about 4 o'clock on Sunday morning the 26th ult. and raged with violence the most part of the day, though the utmost exertions were made to arrest its progress. About 100 buildings, most of which were stores, have been destroyed. The loss in real and personal property is estimated at 500,000 dollars.

"To attempt to describe the distress of the widow, the fatherless, the orphan, the old and respectable grey headed owner and occupant; the young enterprising Merchant and Trader, and the poor tenants of the chambers and back buildings, language is insufficient; and we can only drop a tear over them, and pray heaven to open the hearts of the rich to distribute of their abundance unto them, and let them bear in mind "whoso hath this worlds goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of GOD in him."

[*Portsmouth Gaz.*

☞ *To the sympathetic of Philadelphia, the adjacent towns and country.*

FIRE AT PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

My fellow-citizens, the late calamity of Portsmouth no doubt is fresh in your memory. When we contemplate the distresses which follow from such an awful calamity, we are led to pity the distressed, and wish some kind friends to step forward and adminster consolation. Being a native of Portsmouth, but now a citizen of Philadelphia, I feel somewhat solicitous to lend my aid to console the widow and the fatherless, and to raise the poor man, but once flourishing, to circumstances of at least common support (at the same time, I would observe, that the property of my father and relatives have been preserved, as far as I can at present be informed, for which I desire to feel grateful emotions to a kind Providence). Should any wish to contribute to the purposes above-mentioned, I inform them, that at the request of some respectable friends, I have opened a subscription at my bookstore, and will faithfully receive, and transmit to proper characters, to be equally divided among the sufferers, what monies the charitable public may put to my care.

W. W. WOODWARD.
Bookseller, No. 52, south 2d street.

P. S. The subscriber was in Portsmouth, in the year 1797, and witnessed the charitable exertions in behalf of this city, and the melancholy pictured on the countenances of the people on our account.

The different printers in the city and state, will please to contribute their assistance by one insertion of this paragraph.

INTELLIGENCE.

London, Sept. 27.

A HUGE TABLE.

Last week a copper table, weighing 20 tons, was cast at Bersham iron works, for the Ravenhead Glass Company. The metal was melted in 5 furnaces, each containing 4 tons; the building was secured from the intense heat of the casting, by a wrought iron umbrella. A carriage with 8 wheels has been constructed to convey it to the place of its destination.

BOTANY BAY.

Such is the improving state of this colony, that a man just returned from transportation to a village near Hallifax, in Yorkshire, having served his time, is preparing to return, with his wife and children. He was transported for sheep-stealing, and went to return thanks to his prosecutor, for being the means of sending him to the *only country where he could ever do any good.* *Lon. Pap.*

A CAUTION.

A person in England lately inadvertently endeavoured to swallow a peach stone, which stuck in his throat, and caused his death before a surgeon could be brought to him.

A person has been lately tried, convicted and punished at New-York, for sending a challenge for a duel.

INFERNAL MACHINE.

The French papers mention a most horrible conception, which was attempted to be carried into effect by a miscreant at Lyons. He had hired a sort of stable having an entrance from the street; in this he had dug a pit about 6 feet square and 20 in depth. This was covered by planks moving on a swivel, which at one end were confined only by a slender thread. There was a laternal hollow in one side of the pit filled with straw, which by an appearance he could set on fire for the purpose of smothering his victims, with a sort of windlass to draw them up, and in an obscure corner a grave for their interment. He first tried this infernal machine on a countrywoman coming to market with fruit. She being called in fell into the trap, and he attempted to set the straw on fire. In his haste he happily failed, and being affrighted by her loud and reiterated cries, took to flight. The woman was extricated by the neighbours with but little injury. The villain was arrested, and will undergo the punishment due to his crime.

A BARBARY POWER.

THE Bey of *Constantine*, who is stated to have had a severe action with the Bey of *Tunis*, according to the French Papers, possesses a considerable town of *Africa*, in the kingdom of *Algiers*. It is the largest and strongest place in all the eastern parts, and is seated at the top of a great rock. There is no way to it but up steps cut out of the rock; and the usual way of punishing criminals here, is to throw them down the cliff. Here are a great many Roman antiquities, particularly a triumphal arch; the present Bey is represented as a most ferocious barbarian, and very prompt in inflicting punishment.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 26th ult. by the Rev. John B. Linn, Mr. *George Harley*, to the amiable *Mrs. Laskey*, both of this city.

———, on the 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Pringle, Mr. *James Read*, to the amiable Miss *Dorothy Fanneu*, both of this city.

———, on the 30th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Smith, Mr. *John Benezet*, to Miss *Maria Habacker*, both of this city.

———, on the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, *Thomas Wignell*, esq. Manager of the New Theatre, in this city, to *Mrs. Anne Merry*, of the same Theatre.

———, on the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. *John Ferguson*, to Miss *Mary Anderson*, both of this city.

———, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. *David Lund*, of this city, merchant, to Miss *Hannah Lowden*, of Burlington, (N. J.)

———, on the 5th. inst. by Bishop White, Mr. *James Parker* of Perth Amboy, to *Miss Penelope Butler*, daughter of Anthony Butler, Esq. of the same place.

Deaths.

DIED, on the 21st ult. *John Bartleson*, of Montgomery County, after a tedious illness, in the 34th year of his age.

———, on the 9th inst. Miss *Hannah Miers*, aged 14 years.

———, lately at Frankfort, (K.) Gen. *Benjamin Logan*, at an advanced age. He was a patriot of '76, uniform in his devotion to the cause of liberty, and one of the first adventurers to Kentucky.

TO CORRSPONDENTS.

Poplicola's communications, through the medium he proposes, will be very acceptable.

Sciolus's solution to the mathematical question in our last shall appear next week.

"*The Pursuit of Happiness*," from Alexis, will also appear in our next.

W. C.'s nautical question, and sundry other communications are received.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MR. HOGAN,

A young female lover of poetry lately shewed me the inclosed versification of the Song of a Female Orphan, from Ossian; which she says is only her second attempt of the kind. It breathes so much of the pathetic spirit, and preserves so many of the words of the original, that I am induced to offer it, to supply some vacant corner of the Repository. In doing this, I only pay a just compliment to the merit of the fair writer, whose diffidence, I know, would consign it to obscurity; and yet, perhaps, I may, at the same time excite the emulation of some of our young authors,—many of whom, I am confident, want nothing so much as a fostering encouragement to bring them to write with ease, perspicuity, nerve, and even elegance. Without entering into a controversy about the truth of the assertion by Kotzebue, "that no man has an original idea till he enter the threshold of manhood, but that all before that period is imitation,"—I am of opinion, that our early exertions ought to be directed to the laying up of a store of ideas, and planting and cherishing the germe of useful or elegant productions at maturer years. Hence, I think, that translations from other languages, imitations of the best authors in our own, and even such humble essays as the present, are better adapted to the juvenile talent, than originals, however good, pleasing, or sublime the subject. Pope was impressed with the same sentiment; and we all know of what advantage it was to him.

ALEXIS.

SONG OF A FEMALE ORPHAN:

VERSIFIED FROM OSSIAN.

THE sparrow-hawk, beside herself, has five;
Ducks go in pairs;—thus Nature's children live:
But I am quite alone, unhappy fair!
Without a father's, or a mother's care.
To whom, then, shall I weep, my woes t' express?
To whom shall I unbosom my distress?
Where shall I run,—behind whom shall I go,
When people scold me, and no pity show?
Shall my complaint to crow-toe flow'rs be made?
Alas! those fleeting flow'rs already fade:
Or, shall I to the meadow-grass complain?
That too, will wither, and my 'plaint be vain.
Ah! that it could my lamentation know,
The wretched Orphan's mournful song of woe!
Oh! loving father,—loving mother,—rise!
(In fancy's ear a hollow voice replies,)
"I cannot, daughter!—I shall rise no more;
"My head is cover'd with the green sod o'er;
"Thick on my grave the blades of grass arise;
"The forest's blue mist is before mine eyes;
"Bushes and weeds are grown upon my feet—
"Ah! never more shall I my daughter greet!"

SONG,

THE COT BY THE MOOR.

WILT thou leave me, my Henry, cried Adelaide, sighing,
As she lonely sat sad in the Cot by the Moor,
Wilt thou leave me alone to prove scenes great and trying,
And must I behold my dear youth never more?

At our cottage this morning he bade me adieu:
Ah! Adelle, he said, my sweet girl I must go,
To a far-distant country life's cares to pursue,
Thro' climates unfriendly, and regions of snow.

Yet still, my dear child, shall my heart be with thee,
Whilst I, cheerless, weary and lonely do roam;
Sweet Hope will no doubt prove a friend unto me,
And help to support me, while far, far from home.

Then grieve not, my Adelle, for thy love will return,
Yes, ere long he'll behold his fair darling again,
Should kind Heaven permit—But he's left me to mourn,
And now risks his life on the treacherous main.

O thou FRIEND of the virtuous! protect him from harm,
From Ocean's dark wave, and from high winds that roar;
Do thou shield him, oh shield him with thy pow'rful arm,
And grant his return to the Cot by the Moor.

AMELIA.

WINTER.

DEEP in the north, where chilling frosts enchain,
In adamantine bands the restless deep,
Where summer suns exert their pow'r in vain,
Where howling tempests o'er the desarts sweep,
And snows on snows aloft in drear confusion heap—

Where the hills groan beneath a world of ice,
Accumulated from creation's day,
And seem to prop the vast incumbent skies,
While glittering to the sun's enfeebled ray,
And various shapes fantastic to the view display—

Where o'er the fields, o'erwhelm'd with ice and snow,
The anxious eye for ever roams in vain,
In search of flow'rs, which in the meadows glow
In climes that boast bright summer's friendly reign;
Or ample rivers rolling gently to the main—

Where no fair groves, array'd in cheerful green,
Their waving summits to the eye display;
No murm'ring brooks, nor silv'ry streams are seen,
No warbling songster "hops from spray to spray,"
To cheer the lab'ring swain with its melodious lay—

Where to the brave, advent'rous mar'ner's view,
Huge piles of ice in threat'ning forms appear,
While lofty mountains clad with glist'ning snow,
Their craggy tops amidst the black clouds rear,
While the fierce whirlwind's awful note assails his ear—

There, reigns a pow'r despotic, whose command
The wintry blasts, and snows, and frosts obey;
Who o'er the deeps extends his frigid hand,
And in their rapid course the billows stay,
Enchain'd in hardest frosts, stopt on their headlong way.

* * * * * * *

As late in sleep my weary eyes were seal'd,
To these dread realms methought I was convey'd,
Which from all waking eyes are still conceal'd,
While active fancy to my view display'd
Stern, awful, frowning WINTER, terribly array'd.

High on a mountain, whose enormous brow,
Soar'd far beyond the scope of human eye,
Enwrap'd in clouds, cloth'd with eternal snow,
His awful throne, capt by the inclement sky,
Stood glitt'ring to the view in awful majesty.

A sable cloud enwrapt his gloomy form,
An icy sceptre fill'd his chilly hand,
Around him roar'd the hoarse resounding storm,
And all the winds of heav'n (a sullen band)
Assembled by their king, stood waiting his command.

When, in a voice that shook the hills around,
Thus he the fierce and gloomy band address'd;
"Go forth ye pow'rs, and bind in frosts the ground,
Ye snows o'erwhelm the earth's late fertile breast,
Behold our reign begins,—all nature's works lay waste:

Make the wide world your notes tremendous hear,
The groaning woods hurl prostrate on the plain;
Make the vast hills convulsed quake with fear,
And in its course arrest the foaming main—
Spread "o'er th' astonish'd world" the terrors of our reign."

'Tis done—behold the fertile fields no more
Their beauteous, joy-inspiring liv'ries wear,
Silence reigns thro' the groves, where oft before
The voice of music met th' enraptur'd ear—
But now, alas! all stript of verdure they appear.

How sad the change!—behold the drifted snow
The trees oppress where foliage erst was seen;
Enwrapt in frost appears the cheerless bough,
All nature mourns with sad dejected mein,
And all around presents a cold and dreary scene.

Nought now is heard save the rude whirlwind's roar,
Which pours its dismal clamors thro' the vale,
Or waves that dash against the frozen shore,
Or the loud rattling of the gelid hail,
Or the poor shiv'ring brute's loud and discordant wail.

Yon stream which flow'd in majesty along,
In winter's cold unfeeling arms is bound,
The brook that murmur'd to the milk-maid's song,
And spread its humid influence around,
Now stands immoveable, fix'd as the frozen ground.

See o'er the hard smooth surface of the ice,
On sounding steel the fearless skater glides;
Swift as the meteor darts along the skies,
The cheerful nymph along the glib ice slides,
And jeers the timid swain who in the cot abides.

The merry sleighers hold their rapid course,
O'er the white surface of the snowy plain,
The cracking whip impels the foaming horse,
The lively fidler plays a merry strain,
And warm with gen'rous wine fears neither care nor pain.

With fearful haste the timid rabbits fly,
While in the snow the swains their footsteps trace,
The track pursue, the panting game descry,
And yelping hounds join in the eager chace—
While cheerful, rosy health glows in the hunter's face.

CARLOS.

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)